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*MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES*

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THE  
HIGH SCHOOL POETRY BOOK

PART III

EDITED WITH NOTES  
BY  
JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.

TORONTO  
MORANG & CO., LIMITED  
1906

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## HIGH SCHOOL POETRY BOOK

### PART III

#### THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.  
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;  
Wide let its hollow bed be made;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sift the dark mould with kindly care, 5  
And press it o'er them tenderly,  
As, round the sleeping infant's feet  
We softly fold the cradle sheet;  
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree? 10  
Buds, which the breath of summer days  
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;  
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,  
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;  
We plant, upon the sunny lea, 15  
A shadow for the noontide hour,  
A shelter from the summer shower,  
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?  
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs 20  
To load the May-wind's restless wings,  
When, from the orchard row, he pours  
Its fragrance through our open doors;  
A world of blossoms for the bee,

Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
We plant with the apple-tree.

25

What plant we in this apple-tree?  
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
And redden in the August noon,  
And drop, when gentle airs come by,  
That fan the blue September sky,  
While children come, with cries of glee,  
And seek them where the fragrant grass  
Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
At the foot of the apple-tree.

30

35

And when, above this apple-tree,  
The winter stars are quivering bright,  
And winds go howling through the night,  
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,  
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,  
And guests in prouder homes shall see,  
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine  
And golden orange of the line,  
The fruit of the apple-tree.

40

45

Each year shall give this apple-tree  
A broader flush of roseate bloom,  
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,  
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,  
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

50

The years shall come and pass, but we  
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,  
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,  
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.  
Oh, when its aged branches throw  
Thin shadows on the ground below,

55



25 Shall fraud and force and iron will  
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears,  
Of those who live when length of years  
30 Is wasting this apple-tree?

“Who planted this old apple-tree?”  
The children of that distant day  
Thus to some aged man shall say;  
And, gazing on its mossy stem,  
35 The gray-haired man shall answer them:

“A poet of the land was he,  
Born in the rude but good old times;  
’Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes  
On planting the apple-tree.”  
70

40 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR

45 OUT and in the river is winding  
The links of its long red chain,  
Through belts of dusky pine-land  
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke-wreath  
5 With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—  
The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearly blows the north wind  
From the land of ice and snow;  
10 The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.

55 And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,



The Angel of Shadow gives warning 15  
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?  
Is it the Indian's yell,  
That lends to the voice of the north wind  
The tones of a far-off bell? 20

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace;  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface—

The bells of the Roman Mission, 25  
That call from their turrets twain,<sup>1</sup>  
To the boatman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north winds blow, 30  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching, 35  
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace! 40

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

<sup>1</sup> **Turrets twain**—The old church at St. Boniface, on the Red River, opposite Winnipeg, was burned down in 1860. The present church has but one tower.

## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters<sup>1</sup> meet;  
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene<sup>5</sup>  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
 Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
 Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,<sup>10</sup>  
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should<sup>15</sup>  
     cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES<sup>2</sup>

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
 On this side Jordan's wave,  
 In a vale in the land of Moab  
 There lies a lonely grave;

<sup>1</sup> **Bright waters**—The Rivers Arvon and Avoca. "The meeting of the waters forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807."

<sup>2</sup> **The Burial of Moses**—Read *Deuteronomy xxxii.*, 48-50 and *xxxiv.*, 3-6.

And no man knows that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

5

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever pass'd on earth;  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth—  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes back when night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun;

10

15

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown,  
The great procession swept.

20

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-peor's height  
Out of his lonely eyrie  
Look'd on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

25

30

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
Follow his funeral car;

35

They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun. 40

Amid the noblest of the land,  
We lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honour'd place,  
With costly marble dressed, 45  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,  
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior,  
That ever buckled sword; 50  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page truths half so sage 55  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour—  
The hill-side for a pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall, 60  
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand in that lonely land  
To lay him in the grave,

In that strange grave without a name, 65  
Whence his uncoffin'd clay  
Shall break again, O wondrous thought,  
Before the judgment-day,

And stand with glory wrapt around  
 On the hills he never trod,  
 And speak of the strife that won our life  
 With the Incarnate Son of God?

70

O lonely grave in Moab's land!  
 O dark Beth-peor's hill!  
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours  
 And teach them to be still.  
 God hath His mysteries of grace,  
 Ways that we cannot tell;  
 He hides them deep like the hidden sleep  
 Of him He loved so well.

75

80

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

### THE FISHERMEN

HURRAH! the seaward breezes  
 Sweep down the bay amain;  
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor!  
 Run up the sail again!  
 Leave to the lubber landmen  
 The rail-road and the steed;  
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

5

From the hill-top looks the steeple,  
 And the lighthouse from the sand;  
 And the scattered pines are waving  
 Their farewell from the land.  
 One glance, my lads, behind us,  
 For the homes we leave one sigh,  
 Ere we take the change and chances  
 Of the ocean and the sky.

10

15

We'll drop our lines, and gather  
 Old Ocean's treasures in,

THE FISHERMEN

13

Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin.  
The sea's our field of harvest,  
Its scaly tribes, our grain;  
We'll reap the teeming waters,  
At home, they reap the plain!

20

Though the mist upon our jackets  
In the bitter air congeals,  
And our lines wind stiff and slowly  
From off the frozen reels;  
Though the fog be dark around us,  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud.

25

30

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us,  
And beneath us is His hand!  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot;  
And we cannot meet him better  
Than in working out our lot.

35

40

Hurrah! hurrah! the west wind  
Comes freshening down the bay,  
The rising sails are filling,—  
Give way, my lads, give way!  
Leave the coward landsman clinging  
To the dull earth like a weed,—  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed.

45

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

“Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride:  
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
Sae comely to be seen”—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

5

“Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,  
And dry thy cheek so pale;  
Young Frank is chief of Errington  
And lord of Langley-dale;  
His step is first in peacefu’ ha’,  
His sword in battle keen”—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

10

15

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed<sup>1</sup> hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you the foremost o’ them a’  
Shall ride our forest-queen”—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

20

The kirk was decked at morning tide,  
The tapers glimmerec frair;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there;  
They sought her baith by bower and ha’  
The ladie was not seen!  
She’s o’er the border and awa’  
Wi’ Jock of Hazeldean.

25

30

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> Managed—Trained



THE LAST LEAF<sup>1</sup>

I SAW him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has presst  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago—

<sup>1</sup> **The Last Leaf**—This poem was suggested to the author "by the sight of a figure well known to Bostonians in 1831 and 1832, that of Major Thomas Melville, 'the last of the cocked hats' as he was sometimes called." Strangely enough, Holmes himself lived to be "the last leaf upon the tree."

That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

30

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

35

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

40

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

45

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### THE THRUSH'S NEST

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,  
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,  
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush  
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound  
With joy; and oft an unintruding guest,  
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day,  
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,  
And modell'd it within with wood and clay.

5

And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,  
 There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers, <sup>10</sup>  
 Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue;  
 And there I witness'd in the summer hours,  
 A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,  
 Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

JOHN CLARE.

## ALICE BRAND

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,  
 Where the mavis and merle<sup>1</sup> are singing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in  
 cry,  
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land <sup>5</sup>  
 Is lost for love of you;  
 And we must hold by wood and wold,  
 As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,  
 And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue, <sup>10</sup>  
 That on the night of our luckless flight  
 Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now I must teach to hew the beech  
 The hand that held the glaive,<sup>2</sup>  
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed, <sup>15</sup>  
 And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall,<sup>3</sup> thy fingers small  
 That wont on harp to stray,

<sup>1</sup> **Mavis and merle**—Thrush and blackbird.

<sup>2</sup> **Glaive**—Sword.

<sup>3</sup> **Pall**—Purple cloth of fine texture.

A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,  
To keep the cold away."— 20

"O Richard, if my brother died,  
'Twas but a fatal chance.  
For darkling was the battle tried,  
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair<sup>1</sup> no more I wear, 25  
Nor thou the crimson sheen,<sup>2</sup>  
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,  
As gay the forest green.

"And Richard, if our lot be hard 30  
And lost thy native land,  
Still Alice has her own Richard,  
And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,  
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
On the beech's pride and oak's brown side, 35  
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
Who woned within the hill,—  
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,  
His voice was ghostly shrill: 40

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
Our moonlight circle's<sup>3</sup> screen?  
Or who comes here to chase the deer  
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?

<sup>1</sup> **Vair**—A very costly fur.

<sup>2</sup> **Crimson sheen**—Beautiful crimson cloth.

<sup>3</sup> **Circle**—Peculiar circles of dark green grass often found in meadows. The superstition of the country accounts for these by saying that they are formed by the feet of the fairies while dancing.

Or who may dare on wold to wear  
The fairies' fatal green?

45

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
For thou wert christened man;  
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
For muttered word or ban.

50

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,  
The curse of the sleepless eye;  
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,  
Nor yet find leave to die."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,  
Though the birds have stilled their singing;  
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
And Richard is faggots bringing.

55

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf  
Before Lord Richard stands,  
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,  
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,  
"That is made with bloody hands."

60

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
That woman void of fear,—  
"And if there's blood upon his hand,  
'Tis but the blood of deer."—

65

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly<sup>1</sup> blood,  
The blood of Ethert Brand."

70

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,  
And made the holy sign,—

<sup>1</sup> **Kindly**—Of your own kin.

"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,  
A spotless hand is mine.

78

"And I conjure thee, Demon Elf,  
By Him whom Demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art thyself,  
And what thy errand here!"

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry in Fairy-land,  
When fairy birds are singing,  
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,  
With bit and bridle ringing:

80

"And gaily shines the Fairy-land —  
But all is glistening show,  
Like the idle gleam that December's beam  
Can dart on ice and snow.

85

"And fading, like that varied gleam,  
Is our inconstant shape,  
Who now like knight and lady seem,  
And now like dwarf and ape.

90

"It was between the night and day,  
When the fairy king has power,  
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
And 'twixt life and death was snatched away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.

95

"But wist I of a woman bold,  
Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
I might regain my mortal mould —  
As fair a form as thine."

100

She crossed him once — she crossed him twice —  
That lady was so brave:  
The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
The darker grew the cave.

## THE IVY GREEN

21

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;  
He rose beneath her hand  
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,  
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

108

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
But merrier were they in Dumfermline gray,  
When all the bells were ringing.

110

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## THE IVY GREEN

O a dainty plant is the Ivy green,  
That creepeth o'er ruins old!  
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
In his cell so lone and cold.  
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,<sup>s</sup>  
To pleasure his dainty whim;  
And the mouldering dust that years have made  
Is a merry meal for him.  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

10

Fast he steals on, though he wears no wings,  
And a staunch old heart has he;  
How closely he twineth, how close he clings  
To his friend the huge oak tree!  
And slily he traileth along the ground,  
And his leaves he gently waves,  
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round  
The rich mould of dead men's graves.  
Creeping where grim Death has been,  
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

15

20



Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,  
 And nations have scattered been;  
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade  
 From its hale and hearty green.  
 The brave old plant in its lonely days  
 Shall fatten on the past;  
 For the stateliest building man can raise  
 Is the Ivy's food at last.

25

Creeping on where Time has been,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green!

30

CHARLES DICKENS.

### GLENARA<sup>1</sup>

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
 Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?  
 'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear:  
 And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud; <sup>5</sup>  
 Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:  
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;  
 They march'd all in silence,—they look'd on the  
 ground.

<sup>1</sup> **Glenara**—“Maclean, of Duart, having determined to get rid of his wife, ‘Ellen of Lorn,’ had her treacherously conveyed to a rock in the sea, where she was left to perish by the rising tide. He then announced to her kinsmen ‘his sudden bereavement,’ and exhorted them to join in his grief. In the meantime the lady was accidentally rescued from the certain death that awaited her, and restored to her father. Her husband, little suspecting what had happened, was suffered to go through the solemn mockery of a funeral. At last, when the bier rested at the ‘gray stone of her cairn,’ on examination of the coffin by her kinsmen, it was found to contain stones, rubbish, etc., whereupon Maclean was instantly sacrificed by the Clan Dougal and thrown into the ready-made grave.”

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar: <sup>10</sup>  
"Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn:  
Why speak ye no word!"—said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"  
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made, <sup>15</sup>  
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud:  
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!" <sup>20</sup>

Oh, pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen;  
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,  
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of  
Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief, <sup>25</sup>  
I dreamt that her lerd was a barbarous chief:  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found; <sup>30</sup>  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE EAGLE AND THE FLY

WHEN tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,  
Wend to their folds,  
And to their holds  
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,  
Upon a tree <sup>5</sup>

The eagle, Jove's fair bird,<sup>1</sup> did perch;  
     There resteth he:  
 A little fly his harbour then did search,  
 And did presume, though others laughed thereat,  
 To perch whereas the princely eagle sat. 10

The eagle frowned and shook his royal wings,  
     And charged the fly  
     From hence to hie:  
 Afraid, in haste, the little creature flings,  
     Yet seeks again, 15  
 Fearful, to perch him by the eagle's side:  
     With moody vein,  
 The speedy post of Ganymede<sup>2</sup> replied,  
 "Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die;  
 Is 't fit an eagle seat him with a fly?" 20

The fly craved pity, still the eagle frowned:  
     The silly fly,  
     Ready to die,  
 Disgraced, displaced, fell grovelling to the ground;  
     The eagle saw, 25  
 And with a royal mind said to the fly,  
     "Be not in awe;  
 I scorn by me the meanest creature die;  
 Then seat thee here." The joyful fly upflings,  
 And sate safe shadowed with the eagle's wings. 30

ROBERT GREENE.

## ALADDIN

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,  
     And lived in a cellar damp,  
 I had not a friend nor a toy,  
     But I had Aladdin's lamp;

<sup>1</sup> *Jove's fair bird*—The eagle was sacred to Jupiter or Zeus, the king of the gods among the Greeks and the Romans.

<sup>2</sup> *Ganymede*—The cup-bearer of the Gods. He is generally represented as riding on the back of an eagle.

THE TIGER

25

When I could not sleep for the cold,  
I had fire enough in my brain,  
And builded, with roofs of gold,  
My beautiful castles in Spain!<sup>1</sup>

5

Since then I have toiled day and night,  
I have money and power good store,  
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright  
For the one that is mine no more;  
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,  
You gave, and may snatch again;  
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,  
For I own no more castles in Spain!

10

15

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE TIGER

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Fram'd thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burn'd the fervour of thine eyes?  
On what wings dar'd he aspire —  
What the hand dar'd seize the fire?

5

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
When thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand form'd thy dread feet?

10

What the hammer, what the chain  
Formed thy strength and forged thy brain?

<sup>1</sup> Castles in Spain—Dream castles.

What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dar'd thy deadly terrors clasp?

15

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And sprinkled heav'n with shining tears,  
Did He smile, his work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

20

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay!  
On the mountain dawns the day;  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they:—  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay!”

5

Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,  
And foresters have busy been  
To track the buck in thicket green;  
Now we come to chant our lay:—  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay!”

10

15

Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
To the greenwood haste away;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot and tall of size;  
We can show the marks he made  
Where 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;  
You shall see him brought to bay—  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay!”

20

15 Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
 Tell them, youth and mirth and glee  
 Run a course as well as we;  
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
 20 Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?  
 Think of this, and rise with day  
 Gentle lords and ladies gay!

25

30

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## THE EXILE OF ERIN

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
 5 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing  
 To wander on by the wind-beaten hill:  
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion, 5  
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean  
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.<sup>1</sup>

10 Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;  
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee, 10  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
 A home and a country remain not to me.  
 15 Never again, in the green sunny bowers,  
 Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet  
 hours,  
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers, 15  
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

20 Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more! 20

<sup>1</sup> Erin go bragh—Ireland forever.

Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?  
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
 They died to defend me or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood? 25  
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood;  
 And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?  
 Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure, 30  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;  
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing! 35  
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—  
 Erin mavournin,<sup>1</sup>—Erin go bragh! 40

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## THE STORM

O GRIP the earth, ye forest trees,  
 Grip well the earth to-night,  
 The Storm-God rides across the seas  
 To greet the morning light.

All clouds that wander through the skies 5  
 Are tangled in his net,  
 The timid stars have shut their eyes,  
 The breakers fume and fret.

<sup>1</sup> Erin mavournin—Ireland, my dear one.



## THE STORM

29

The birds that cheer the woods all day  
Now tremble in their nests,  
The giant branches round them sway,  
The wild wind never rests.

10

The squirrel and the cunning fox  
Have hurried to their holes,  
Far off, like distant earthquake shocks,  
The muffled thunder rolls.

15

In scores of hidden woodland dells  
Where no rough winds can harm,  
The timid wild-flowers toss their bells,  
In reasonless alarm.

20

Only the mountains rear their forms  
Silent and grim and bold.  
To them the voices of the storms  
Are as a tale re-told.

25

They saw the stars in heaven hung,  
They heard the great sea's birth,  
They know the ancient pain that wrung  
The entrails of the earth.

Sprung from great nature's royal lines,  
They share her deep repose,—  
Their rugged shoulders robed in pines,  
Their foreheads crowned with snows.

30

But now there comes a lightning flash,  
And now on hill and plain,  
The charging clouds in fury dash  
With sheets of blinding rain.

35

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THE OUTLAW<sup>1</sup>

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.  
And as I rode by Dalton Hall  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A maiden on the castle wall  
Was singing merrily:  
"O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

—"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we  
That dwell by dale and down.  
And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed  
As blithe as Queen of May."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"I read<sup>2</sup> you by your bugle-horn  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn  
To keep the king's greenwood."  
—"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light;

<sup>1</sup> **The Outlaw**—This song occurs in *Rokeby*. It is sung by one of a band of outlaws to his companions. The places mentioned in the text are in Yorkshire in the neighbourhood of *Rokeby*.

<sup>2</sup> **Read**—Interpret.

His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay;  
I would I were with Edmund there  
To reign his Queen of May!"

"With burnish'd brand and musketoen  
So gallantly you come.

I read you for a bold dragoon  
That lists the tuck<sup>1</sup> of drum."

—"I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear;

But when the beetle sounds his hum  
My comrades take the spear.

And oh! though Brignall banks be fair  
And Greta woods be gay,

Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die!

The fiend<sup>2</sup> whose lantern lights the mead  
Were better mate than I!

And when I'm with my comrades met  
Beneath the greenwood bough

What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now."

*Chorus*

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,

And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> **Lists the tuck**—Hears the beating.

<sup>2</sup> **Fiend**—The will o' the wisp.

## THE FROST SPIRIT

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! You  
may trace his footsteps now  
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the  
brown hill's withered brow.  
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where  
their pleasant green came forth,  
And the winds which follow wherever he goes have  
shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! from the  
frozen Labrador—  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas which the  
white bear wanders o'er—  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the  
luckless forms below  
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble  
statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! on the  
rushing Northern blast,  
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his  
fearful breath went past.  
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on where the  
fires of Hecla glow  
Or, the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient  
ice below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! and  
the quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his blazing breath and ring to the  
skater's heel;  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,  
or sang to the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain and in mourn-  
ful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! let  
 us meet him as we may,  
 And turn with the light of the parlour fire his evil  
 power away,  
 And gather closer the circle round when that firelight  
 dances high,  
 And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his  
 sounding wing goes by. <sup>20</sup>

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### DICKENS IN CAMP<sup>1</sup>

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,  
 The river sang below,  
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted <sup>5</sup>  
 The ruddy tints of health  
 On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted  
 In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure <sup>10</sup>  
 A hoarded volume drew,  
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure  
 To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,  
 And as the firelight fell,  
 He read aloud the book<sup>2</sup> wherein the Master <sup>15</sup>  
 Had writ of "Little Nell."

<sup>1</sup> **Dickens in Camp**—Charles Dickens died at his home at Gadshill in Kent, June 9th, 1870. This poem, published shortly afterwards, was a tribute of affection from the author.

<sup>2</sup> **The book**—*The Old Curiosity Shop*.

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader  
Was youngest of them all,—  
But as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall;

20

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
Listened in every spray,  
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows,  
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes,—o'ertaken  
As by some spell divine—  
Their cares drop from them, like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine.

25

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;  
And he who wrought that spell?—  
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,  
Ye have one tale to tell!

30

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story  
Blend with the breath that thrills  
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory  
That fills the Kentish hills.

■

And on that grave where English oak and holly  
And laurel wreaths entwine,  
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—  
This spray of Western pine!

■

BRET HARTE.

THE BENDED BOW<sup>1</sup>

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,  
There was sent through Britain a Bended Bow,  
And a voice was poured on the free winds far.  
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

“Heard ye not the battle-horn?—  
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!  
Leave it for the birds of Heaven.  
Swords must flash, and spears be riven!  
Leave it for the winds to shed—  
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red!”<sup>5</sup>  
<sup>10</sup>

And the reaper armed, like a freeman's son,  
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on.

“Hunter! leave the mountain-chase!  
Take the falchion from its place!  
Let the wolf go free to-day,  
Leave him for a nobler prey!  
Let the deer ungalled sweep by,—  
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!”<sup>15</sup>

And the hunter armed ere the chase was done,  
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on.<sup>20</sup>

Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!  
Stay not till the song hath ceased:  
Though the mead be foaming bright,  
Though the fires give ruddy light,  
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—  
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall.”<sup>25</sup>

<sup>1</sup> **The Bended Bow**—“It is supposed that war was anciently declared in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow*; and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung and therefore straight.”—*Mrs. Hemans*.



And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown,  
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on.

“Prince! thy father’s deeds are told,  
In the bower and in the hold!  
Where the goatherd’s lay is sung,  
Where the minstrel’s harp is strung!—  
Foes are on thy native sea—  
Give our bards a tale of thee!”

30

And the prince came armed, like a leader’s son,  
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on.

35

Mother! stay thou not thy boy!  
He must learn the battle’s joy.  
Sister! bring the sword and spear,  
Give thy brother words of cheer!  
Maiden! bid thy lover part,  
Britain calls the strong in heart!”

0

And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on,  
And the bards made song for a battle won.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

### A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;  
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray;  
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I’ll leave you,  
For every day.

I’ll tell you how to sing a clearer carol  
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down;  
To earn yourself a purer poet’s laurel  
Than Shakespeare’s crown.

5

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;  
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;<sup>10</sup>  
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,  
One grand sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

### THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS<sup>1</sup>

THE Rhine is running deep and red, the island lies  
before,—

“Now is there one of all the host will dare to venture  
o’er?

For not alone the river’s sweep might make a brave  
man quail;

The foe are on the further side, their shot comes fast  
as hail.

God help us, if the middle isle we may not hope to win;<sup>5</sup>  
Now is there any of the host will dare to venture in?”

“The ford is deep, the banks are steep, the island-  
shore lies wide;

Nor man nor horse could stem its force, or reach the  
further side.

See there! amidst the willow-boughs the serried  
bayonets gleam;

<sup>1</sup> **The Scots**—After the battle of Killiecrankie and the death of John Grahame of Claverhouse, Marquis of Dundee, who commanded the forces of King James, an honourable capitulation was arranged with the Crown. The troops were allowed to depart for France, where the officers entered the service of King James. Finding, however, that they would have no opportunity to serve their king by an invasion of England, they formed a company of private sentinels commanded by their own officers and took service under the King of France. They performed many brilliant exploits before the incident related in the text, which took place in December, 1697. The Marquis de Sell was in command of the French troops, with Captain John Foster in charge of the Scottish officers and the two additional companies of Scots who took part in the struggle.

They've flung their bridge,—they've won the isle;  
the foe have cross'd the stream! 10  
Their volley flashes sharp and strong,—by all the  
saints! I trow  
There never yet was soldier born could force that pas-  
sage now!"

So spoke the bold French Mareschal with him who  
led the van,  
Whilst rough and red before their view the turbid  
river ran.  
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross the wild and  
swollen Rhine. 15  
And thundering on the other bank far stretch'd the  
German line.  
Hard by there stood a swarthy man was leaning on his  
sword,  
And a sadden'd smile lit up his face as he heard the  
Captain's word.  
"I've seen a wilder stream ere now than that which  
rushes there;  
I've stemm'd a heavier torrent yet and never thought  
to dare. 20  
If German steel be sharp and keen, is ours not strong  
and true?  
There may be danger in the deed, but there is honour  
too."  
The old lord in his saddle turn'd, and hastily he said,  
"Hath bold Duguesclin's<sup>1</sup> fiery heart awaken'd from  
the dead?  
Thou art the leader of the Scots,—now well and sure I  
know, 25  
That gentle blood in dangerous hour ne'er yet ran cold  
nor slow,

<sup>1</sup> **Duguesclin** - Bertrand Duguesclin, Constable of France, the most famous of the French leaders of the Fourteenth century.

And I have seen ye in the fight do all that mortal  
may:

If honour is the boon ye seek, it may be won this day, —  
The prize is in the middle isle, there lies the advent-  
turous way,

And armies twain are on the plain, the daring deed to  
see, —

Now ask thy gallant company if they will follow thee!"

Right gladsome look'd the Captain then, and nothing  
did he say,

But he turn'd him to his little band, —O, few, I ween,  
were they!

The relics of the bravest force that ever fought in fray.  
No one of all that company but bore a gentle name,<sup>35</sup>  
Not one whose fathers had not stood in Scotland's  
fields of fame.

All they had march'd with great Dundee to where he  
fought and fell,

And in the deadly battle-strife had venged their leader  
well;

And they had bent the knee to earth when every eye  
was dim.

As o'er their hero's buried corpse they sang the funeral  
hymn;

And they had trod the Pass once more, and stoop'd on  
either side

To pluck the heather from the spot where he had  
dropp'd and died;

And they had bound it next their hearts, and ta'en a  
last farewell

Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky, where Scotland's  
glory fell.

Then went they forth to foreign lands like bent and  
broken men,

Who leave their dearest hope behind, and may not  
turn again.

"The stream," he said, "is broad and deep, and stubborn is the foe,—

Yon island-strength is guarded well,—say, brothers, will ye go?

From home and kin for many a year our steps have wander'd wide,

And never may our bones be laid our fathers' graves beside.

50

No children have we to lament, no wives to wail our fall:

The traitor's and the spoiler's hand have reft our hearths of all.

But we have hearts, and we have arms, as strong to will and dare

As when our ancient banners flew within the northern air.

Come, brothers! let me name a spell shall rouse your souls again,

55

And send the old blood bounding free through pulse and heart and vein.

Call back the days of bygone years,—be young and strong once more:

Think yonder stream, so stark and red, is one we've cross'd before.

Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood! rise up on either hand,—

Again upon the Garry's banks, on Scottish soil we stand!

60

Again I see the tartans wave, again the trumpets ring;

Again I hear our leader's call: 'Upon them for the King!'

Stay'd we behind that glorious day for roaring flood or linn?

The soul of Grame is with us still,—now, brothers, will ye in?"

65

dauntless band.

they bore,

and cannon-roar,—

sea began,

70

flash'd the flame:

came.

may'd,

aid.

75

footing kept.

the current's strong, —the way is long, —they'll

see! they stagger in the

on

241

sounding shrill.

hill?

How they toss their mighty branches struggling with  
the tempest's shock;  
How they keep their place of vantage, cleaving firmly  
to the rock?  
Even so the Scottish warriors held their own against  
the river: 85  
Though the water flashed around them, not an eye was  
seen to quiver;  
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly, not a man  
relax'd his hold;  
For their hearts were big and thrilling with the mighty  
thoughts of old.  
One word was spoke among them, and through the  
ranks it spread,  
"Remember our dead Claverhouse!" was all the Cap-  
tain said. 90  
Then, sternly bending forward, they wrestled on a while,  
Until they clear'd the heavy stream, then rush'd tow-  
ards the isle.

The German heart is stout and true, the German arm  
is strong;  
The German foot goes seldom back where armed foe-  
men throng.  
But never had they faced in field so stern a charge  
before. 95  
And never had they felt the sweep of Scotland's broad  
claymore.  
Not fiercer pours the avalanche adown the steep incline,  
That rises o'er the parent springs of rough and rapid  
Rhine. -  
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven than came  
the Scottish band  
Right up against the guarded trench, and o'er it sword  
in hand. 100  
In vain their leaders forward press,—they meet the  
deadly brand!

O lonely island of the Rhine, — where seed was never sown,

What harvest lay upon thy sands, by those strong reapers thrown?

What saw the winter moon that night, as, struggling through the rain,

She pour'd a wan and fitful light on marsh, and stream,  
and plain? 105

A dreary spot with corpses strewn, and bayonets glistening round;

A broken bridge, a stranded boat, a bare and batter'd mound;

And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile, that sent its quivering glare

To tell the leaders of the host the conquering Scots were there.

And did they twine the laurel-wreath, for those who fought so well? 110

And did they honour those who liv'd, and weep for those who fell?

What meed of thanks was given to them let aged annals tell.

Why should they bring the laurel-wreath, — why crown the cup with wine?

It was not Frenchmen's blood that flow'd so freely on the Rhine, —

A stranger band of beggar'd men had done the venturous deed: 115

The glory was to France alone, the danger was their meed.

And what cared they for idle thanks from foreign prince and peer?

What virtue had such honey'd words the exiled heart to cheer?

What matter'd it that men should vaunt and loud and fondly swear,



That higher feat of chivalry was never wrought else-  
where? 120

They bore within their breasts the grief that fame can  
never heal.

The deep, unutterable woe which none save exiles feel.  
Their hearts were yearning for the land they ne'er  
might see again.

For Scotland's high and heather'd hills, for mountains,  
loch and glen—

For those who haply lay at rest beyond the distant  
sea, 125

Beneath the green and daisied turf where they would  
gladly be!

Long years went by. The lonely isle in Rhine's tem-  
pestuous flood

Has ta'en another name from those who bought it with  
their blood:

And, though the legend does not live, —for legends  
lightly die—

The peasant, as he sees the stream in winter rolling  
by, 130

And foaming o'er its channel-bed between him and the  
spot

Won by the warriors of the sword, still calls that deep  
and dangerous ford

The Passage of the Scot.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

## SPRING

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost  
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost  
Candies the grass or casts an icy cream  
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:  
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth, 's

And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth  
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree  
 The drowsy cuckoo and the bumble-bee.  
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring  
 In triumph to the world the youthful spring! 10  
 The valleys, hills and woods, in rich array,  
 Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.

THOMAS CAREW.

### THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?  
 Where may the grave of that good man be?—  
 By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,  
 Under the twigs of a young birch tree!  
 The oak that in summer was sweet to hear, 5  
 And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,  
 And whistled and roared in the winter alone,  
 Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—  
 The Knight's bones are dust,  
 And his good sword rust;— 10  
 His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON

“Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale;  
 Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on;  
     The Armstrongs are flying,  
     The widows are crying,  
 The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone! 5  
 “Lock the door, Lariston — high on the weather-  
     gleam  
 See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky —

Yeomen and carbineer,  
 Billman and halberdier,  
 Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry!

10

" Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;  
 Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;  
     Hidley and Howard there,  
     Wandale and Windermere;  
 Lock the door, Lariston; hold them at bay.

15

" Why dost thou smile, noble Elliott of Lariston?  
 Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?  
     Thou bold Border ranger,  
     Beware of thy danger;  
 Thy foes are relentless, determined and nigh."

20

Jack Elliott raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,  
 His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous embrace;  
     " Ah, welcome, brave foeman,  
     On earth there are no men  
 More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!

25

" Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here;  
 Little know you of our moss-troopers' might —  
     Linhope and Sorbie true,  
     Sundhope and Milburn too,  
 Gentle in manner, but lions in fight!

30

" I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,  
 Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array;  
     Come all Northumberland,  
     Teesdale and Cumberland,  
 Here at the Broken tower end shall the fray!"

35

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddes-  
     dale,  
 Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold;

Many a bold martial eye  
 Mirror'd that morning sky,  
 Never more open on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior's  
 shout.

Lances and halberds in splinters were borne;  
 Helmet and hauberk then.

Braved the claymore in vain,  
 Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane — the proud files of the Winder-  
 mere!

Howard! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day!  
 Hear the wide welkin rend.

While the Scots' shouts ascend —  
 "Elliott of Lariston, Elliott for aye!"

JAMES HOGG

## OPPORTUNITY

### I.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream —  
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
 And underneath the cloud, or in it raged  
 A furious battle: and men yelled, and  
 Swords shocked upon swords and shields. 5  
 A prince's banner wavered, then staggered  
 Backward, hemmed by foes.  
 A craven hung along the battle's edge —  
 And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel  
 Than the blue blade that the King's son bears— 10  
 But this blunt thing!" He snapt and  
 Flung it from his hand, and lowering —  
 Crept away and left the field.

Then came the King's son, wounded,  
 Sore bestead, and weaponless; and saw 15  
 The broken swordhilt buried in the dry  
 And trodden sand; and ran and  
 Snatched it, and with battle shout  
 Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down  
 And saved a great cause on that heroic day. 20

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

## II.

MASTER of human destinies am I;  
 Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
 Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
 Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
 Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late 5  
 I knock unbidden once at every gate.  
 If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
 And they who follow me reach every state  
 Mortals desire, and conquer every foe 10  
 Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
 Condemned to failure, penury and woe,  
 Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,  
 I answer not and I return no more.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

## THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness  
 Falls from the wings of night,  
 As a feather is wafted downward  
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,

15 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
20 And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
15 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
5 Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
10 Life's endless toil and endeavour;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
25 Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
30 Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
5 And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

10

15

20

25

30

35

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

40

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## NOVEMBER

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;  
The little birds have almost sung their last,  
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast —  
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;  
The patient beauty of the scentless rose, 5  
Oft with the moon's hoar crystal quaintly glass'd,  
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,  
And makes a little summer where it grows:  
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day  
The dusky waters shudder as they shine, 10  
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way  
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,  
And the gaunt woods, in ragged scant array,  
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

HAVE you heard of the wonderful One-Hoss Shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day?  
And then of a sudden it — ah! but stay,

I'll tell you what happened, without delay —  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits —  
Have you heard of that, I say?

*Seventeen hundred and fifty-five;*  
Georgius Secundus was then alive —  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!—  
That was the year when Lisbon' town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down;  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on that terrible earthquake day  
That the Deacon finished the One-Hoss Shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace — lurking still.  
Find it somewhere, you must and will —  
Above or below, or within or without;  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
*A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou")  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'N' the keounty 'n' the kentry raoun';  
It should be built so that it couldn't break daown:  
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'tis mighty plain  
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;  
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
To make that place uz strong as the rest."

<sup>1</sup> **Lisbon**—The great earthquake at Lisbon, in which over thirty thousand people were destroyed, took place on November 1st, 1755.



So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
 Where he could find the strongest oak,  
 That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke —  
 That was for spokes and floor and sills; 40  
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;  
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;  
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,  
 But lasts like iron for things like these;  
 The hubs from logs from the "Settler's Ellum," 45  
 Last of its timber — they couldn't sell 'em —  
 Never an axe had seen the chips,  
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, 50  
 Spring, tire, axle, and linch-pin too,  
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
 Thorough-brace bison-skin, thick and wide;  
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,  
 Found in the pit where the tanner died. 55  
 That was the way he "put her through."  
 "There," said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! 'I tell you, I rather guess  
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, 60  
 Deacon and Deaconess dropped away;  
 Children and grandchildren — where were they?  
 But there stood the stout old One-Horse-Shay,  
 As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day!

*Eighteen hundred* — it came, and found 65  
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
*Eighteen hundred, increased by ten* —  
 "Hahnsum Kerridge" they called it then.  
*Eighteen hundred and twenty* came —  
 Running as usual — much the same. 70  
*Thirty and forty* at last arrive;  
 And then came *fifty* — and *fifty-five*.

Little of all we value here  
 Wakes on the morn of its hundreth year  
 Without both feeling and looking queer.  
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
 (This is a moral that runs at large;  
 Take it — you're welcome — no extra charge.)

*First of November* — the Earthquake day —  
 There are traces of age in the One-Hoss-Shay —  
 A general flavour of mild decay —  
 But nothing local, as one may say.  
 There couldn't be, for the Deacon's art  
 Had made it so like in every part  
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.  
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,  
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,  
 And the spring and axle and hub *encore*;  
 And yet, as a *whole*, it is past a doubt,  
 In another hour it will be worn out.  
*First of November, 'Fifty-Five!*  
 This morning the parson takes a drive.  
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
 Here comes the wonderful One-Hoss-Shay,  
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
 "Hiddup!" said the parson — off went they!

The parson was working his Sunday text;  
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped, perplexed  
 At what, in the world, was coming next.  
 All at once the horse stood still,  
 Close by the meet'n' house on the hill:  
 First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
 Then something decidedly like a spill;

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
 At half-past nine by the meet'n' house clock —  
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock! 110  
 What do you think the parson found  
 When he got up and stared around?  
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce, 115  
 How it went to pieces all at once —  
 All at once, and nothing first —  
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.  
 End of the wonderful One-Hoss-Shay!  
 Logic is Logic. That's all I say. 120

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE newcomer! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice:  
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
 Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass 5  
 Thy twofold shout I hear;  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers, 1  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird: but an invisible thing, 15  
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
 I listened to; that cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways  
 In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green;  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; 25  
 Can lie upon the plain  
 And listen, till I do beget  
 That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace  
 Again appears to be 30  
 An unsubstantial, fairy place  
 That is fit home for thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET<sup>1</sup>

### I.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:  
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;  
 That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead 5  
 In summer luxury, — he has never done  
 With his delights; for when tired out with fun  
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

<sup>1</sup> **The Cricket**—These two sonnets, dealing with the same subject, were written by Keats and Hunt in a friendly competition, the one with the other.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost 10  
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,  
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.  
 JOHN KEATS.

## II.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
 Catching your heart up at the feet of June —  
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class 5  
 With those who think the candle comes too soon,  
 Loving the fire, and with your tricks and tune  
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!  
 O sweet and tiny cousins that belong 10  
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
 Both have your sunshine; both, though small are strong  
 At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth  
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,  
 Indoors and out, summer and winter, mirth.  
 LEIGH HUNT.

## ADMIRALS ALL

From *The Island Race*, by permission of the author and  
 of the publisher, John Lane, London.

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,  
 Here's to the bold and free!  
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,  
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea!  
 Admirals all, for England's sake, 5  
 Honour be yours and fame!

And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
To Nelson's peerless name!

*Admirals all, for England's sake,  
Honour be yours and fame!  
And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
To Nelson's peerless name!*

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay  
With the galleons fair in sight;  
Howard at last must give him his way,  
And the word was passed to fight.  
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,  
Since holidays first began:  
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,  
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,  
Their cities he put to the sack;  
He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,  
And harried his ships to wrack.  
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls  
When the great Armada came:  
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"  
And he stooped, and finished his game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,  
Duncan he had but two;  
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled  
And his colours aloft he flew.  
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,  
"And I'll sink with a right good will:  
For I know when we're all of us under the tide  
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,  
When Nelson sailed the Sound:

"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"  
 Said he, "for a thousand pound!"  
 The Admiral's signal bade him fly,  
 But he wickedly wagged his head:  
 He clapped the glass to his sightless eye  
 And "I'm hanged if I see it!" he said.

40

Admirals all, they said their say,  
 (The echoes are ringing still).  
 Admirals all, they went their way  
 To the haven under the hill.  
 But they left us a kingdom none can take—  
 The realm of the circling sea—  
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake  
 And the Rodneys yet to be.

45

50

*Admirals all, for England's sake,  
 Honour be yours and fame!  
 And honour, as long as waves shall break  
 To Nelson's peerless name!*

55

HENRY NEWBOLT.

## THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,  
 Working in these walls of Time,  
 Some with massive deeds and great,  
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;  
 Each thing in its place is best;  
 And what seems but idle show  
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

6

For the structure that we raise,  
 Time is with materials filled;

10

Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;  
Leave no yawning gaps between;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen;  
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



## THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound!

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary band-  
Of travellers in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands;  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas,  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That hath been and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending,  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er her sickle bending.  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## THE NEST

WHEN oaken woods with buds are pink,  
 And new-come birds each morning sing,  
 When fickle May on Summer's brink  
 Pauses, and knows not which to fling,  
 Whether fresh bud and bloom again,  
 Or hoar frost silvering hill and plain,

Then from the honeysuckle gray  
 The oriole with experienced quest  
 Twitches the fibrous bark away,  
 The cordage of his hammock nest,  
 Cheering his labour with a note  
 Rich as the orange of his throat.

High o'er the loud and dusty road  
 The soft gray cup in safety swings,  
 To brim in August with its load  
 Of downy breasts and throbbing wings,  
 O'er which the friendly elm-tree heaves  
 An emerald roof with sculptured eaves.

Oh, happy life, to soar and sway  
 Above the life by mortals led,  
 Singing the merry months away,  
 Master, not slave, of daily bread,  
 And, when the Autumn comes, to flee  
 Wherever sunshine beckons thee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,—  
 The bridal of the earth and sky,—  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 My music shows ye have your closes,  
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
 But, though the whole world turns to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### DRAKE'S DRUM<sup>1</sup>

From *The Island Race*, by permission of the author and of the publisher, John Lane, London.

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.<sup>2</sup>  
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,  
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',  
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)

<sup>1</sup> **Drake's Drum**—Drake died in the West Indies, near the town of Nombre de Dios, on January 28, 1595, and was buried at sea. "A state drum, painted with the arms of Sir Francis Drake, is preserved among other relics at Buckland Abbey, the seat of the Drake family in Devon, and the legend is still extant in the county." *Newbolt*.

<sup>2</sup> **Plymouth Hoe**—The hill of Plymouth.

5      Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
        An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
    " Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
        Strike et when your powder's running low;  
10      If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven, <sup>15</sup>  
        An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them  
            long ago."

Drake he 's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
    (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?).  
15      Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,  
        An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe. <sup>20</sup>  
    Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
        Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;  
    Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
        They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found  
            him long ago.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

## TO BLOSSOMS

5      FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
        Why do ye fall so fast?  
        Your date is not so past,  
    But you may stay yet here awhile,  
        To blush and gently smile;  
        And go at last. <sup>5</sup>

What, were ye born to be  
    An hour or half's delight,  
    And so to bid good-night?  
    'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth <sup>10</sup>  
        Merely to show your worth,  
        And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
 And after they have shown their pride,  
 Like you, awhile,—they glide  
 Into the grave.

13

ROBERT HERRICK.

## TO A SKYLARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
 Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

5

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 Mount, daring warbler! —that love-prompted strain  
 —"Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
 Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege: to sing  
 All independent of the leafy spring.

10

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood:  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony with instinct more divine:  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam—  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

15

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,  
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,  
What more than magic in you lies,  
To fill the heart's fond view?  
In childhood's sports, companions gay,  
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,  
How soothing! in our last decay  
Memorials prompt and true.

Relies ye are of Eden's bowers,  
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,  
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours  
Of happy wanderers there.  
Fall'n all beside — the world of life,  
How it is stained with fear and strife!  
In Reason's world what storms are rife  
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while  
Your first and perfect form ye show,  
The same that won Eve's matron smile  
In the world's opening glow.  
The stars of heaven a course are taught  
Too high above our human thought;  
Ye may be found if ye are sought,  
And as we gaze we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,—  
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow;  
And guilty man, where'er he roams,  
Your innocent mirth may borrow.  
The birds of air before us fleet,  
They cannot brook our shame to meet —  
But we may taste your solace sweet  
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide —  
 Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,  
 Your silent lessons, undescried  
 By all but lowly eyes:  
 For ye could draw the admiring gaze  
 Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:  
 Your order wild, your fragrant maze,  
 He taught us how to prize.

35

40

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,  
 As when he paused and owned you good;  
 His blessing on earth's primal bower,  
 Ye felt it all renewed.  
 What care ye now, if winter's storm  
 Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?  
 Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,  
 Ye fear no vexing mood.

45

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,  
 That daily court you and caress,  
 How few the happy secret find  
 Of your calm loveliness!

50

"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light  
 To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,  
 Go sleep like closing flowers at night,  
 And Heaven thy morn will bless."

55

JOHN KEBLE.

### THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER<sup>1</sup>

COME listen to another song,  
 Should make your heart beat high,  
 Bring crimson to your forehead,  
 And the lustre to your eye;—  
 It is a song of olden time,  
 Of days long since gone by,

5

<sup>1</sup> Cavalier—Cameron of Lochiell.

35 And of a Baron stout and bold  
As e'er wore sword on thigh!  
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,  
All of the olden time! 10

40 He kept his castle in the north  
Hard by the thundering Spey;  
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,  
All of his kindred they.  
And not a man of all that clan 15  
Had ever ceased to pray  
For the Royal race they loved so well,  
Though exiled far away  
45 From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,  
All of the olden time! 20

50 His father drew the righteous sword  
For Scotland and her claims,  
Among the loyal gentlemen  
And chiefs of ancient names  
Who swore to fight or fall beneath 25  
The standard of King James,  
And died at Killiecrankie Pass  
With the glory of the Græmes;<sup>1</sup>  
55 Like a true old Scottish cavalier,  
All of the olden time! 30

He never owned the foreign rule,  
No master he obeyed,  
But kept his clan in peace at home,  
From foray and from raid;  
And when they asked him for his oath, 35  
He touched his glittering blade,  
And pointed to his bonnet blue,  
That bore the white cockade:  
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,  
8 All of the olden time! 40

<sup>1</sup> The glory of the Græmes—John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.



At length the news ran through the land—  
 THE PRINCE had come again!  
 That night the fiery cross<sup>1</sup> was sped  
 O'er mountain and through glen;  
 And our old Baron rose in might,  
 Like a lion from his den.  
 And rode away across the hills  
 To Charlie and his men.  
 With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,  
 All of the olden time!

43

50

He was the first that bent the knee  
 When the STANDARD waved abroad,  
 He was the first that charged the foe  
 On Preston's<sup>2</sup> bloody sod;  
 And ever in the van of fight,  
 The foremost still he trod,  
 Until on bleak Culloden's heath,  
 He gave his soul to God,  
 Like a good old Scottish cavalier,  
 All of the olden time!

55

60

Oh! never shall we know again  
 A heart so stout and true—  
 The olden times have passed away,  
 And weary are the new:  
 The fair White Rose<sup>3</sup> has faded  
 From the garden where it grew.  
 And no fond tears save those of heaven,  
 The glorious bed bedew  
 Of the last old Scottish cavalier,  
 All of the olden time!

65

70

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

<sup>1</sup> **Fiery cross**—The Highland summons to battle.

<sup>2</sup> **Preston**—The battle of Prestonpans.

<sup>3</sup> **White Rose**—The emblem of the Jacobites.

## THE WATERFALL

Lo! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright,  
Built on the steadfast cliffs, the waterfall  
Pours forth its gems of pearl and silver light!  
They sink, they rise, and sparkling cover all  
With infinite refulgence; while its song,  
Sublime as thunder, rolls the woods along —

Rolls through the woods;— hey send its accents back  
Whose last vibration in the desert dies;  
Its radiance glances o'er the watery track,  
Till the soft wave, as wrapt in slumber, lies  
Beneath the forest-shade — then sweetly flows  
A milky stream, all silent as it goes.

Its foam is scattered on the margent bound,  
Skirting the darksome grove. But list! the hum  
Of industry, the rattling hammer's sound,  
Files whizzing, creaking sluices, echoed come  
On the fast-travelling breeze! Oh no — no voice  
Is heard around but thy majestic noise.

When the mad storm-wind tears the oak asunder,  
In thee its shiver'd fragments find their tomb;  
When rocks are riven by the bolt of thunder,  
As sands they sink into thy mighty womb:  
The ice that would imprison thy proud tide,  
Like bits of broken glass is scatter'd wide.

The fierce wolf prowls around thee—there he stands<sup>25</sup>  
Listening — not fearful, for he nothing fears:  
His red eyes burn like fury-kindled brands;  
Like bristles o'er him his coarse fur he rears;  
Howling, thy dreadful roar he oft repeats,  
And, more ferocious, hastes to bloodier feats.

The wild stag hears thy falling waters' sound,  
And tremblingly flies forward — o'er her back  
She bends her stately horns — the noiseless ground  
Her hurried feet impress not — and her track  
Is lost amidst the tumult of the breeze, 35  
And the leaves falling from the rustling trees.

The wild horse thee approaches in his turn;  
He changes not his proudly rapid stride;  
His mane stands up erect — his nostrils burn —  
He snorts — he pricks his ears — and starts aside; 40  
Then rushing madly forward to thy steep,  
He dashes down into thy torrents deep.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

### GRADATIM

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true: 5  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;  
By what we have mastered of good, and gain 10  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light;  
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night 15  
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
 And we think that we mount the air on wings,  
 Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
 While our feet still cling to the heavy clay. 20

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,  
 And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound; 25  
 But we build the ladder by which we rise  
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
 And we mount to the summit round by round.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

### VALKYRIUR SONG <sup>1</sup>

THE Sea-king woke from the troubled sleep  
 Of a vision-haunted night,  
 And he looked from his bark o'er the gloomy deep,  
 And counted the streaks of light;  
 For the red sun's earliest ray 5  
 Was to rouse his bands that day,  
 To the stormy joy of fight!

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,  
 And the silent stars on high,  
 And there waved not the smoke of one cabin 10  
 hearth  
 'Midst the quiet of the sky;

<sup>1</sup> **Valkyriur**—In Asgard, the heaven of the Norse, is situated Valhalla, the great hall of Odin, the king of the Asas or gods. In this hall Odin feasts the chosen heroes whom he has gathered to assist him in Ragnarock or the Twilight of the Gods, the last great struggle between the powers of good and the powers of evil. The warriors are selected for Odin by the Valkyriurs, or Valkyries, maidens mounted on white steeds who ride abroad picking out from the heroes on the battle-field those whom they will convey to Valhalla.

And along the twilight bay,  
In their sleep the hamlets lay,  
For they knew not the Norse were nigh!

The Sea-king looked o'er the brooding wave; 15  
He turned to the dusky shore,  
And there seemed, through the arch of a tide-worn  
cave,

A gleam, as of snow, to pour;  
And forth, in watery light,  
Moved phantoms, dimly white, 20  
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side;  
And the forms, as they grew more clear,  
Seemed each on a tall, pale steed to ride,  
And a shadowy crest to rear, 25  
And to beckon with faint hand,  
From the dark and rocky strand,  
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,  
Before th' unearthly train, 30  
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,  
The Choosers of the slain!  
And a sudden rising breeze  
Bore, across the moaning seas,  
To his ear their thrilling strain. 35

"There are songs in Odin's hall,  
For the brave, ere night to fall!  
Doth the great sun hide his ray?—  
He must bring a wrathful day!  
Sleeps the falchion in its sheath?— 40  
Swords must do the work of death!  
Regner! — Sea-king! — thee we call!—  
There is joy in Odin's Hall.

"At the feast and in the song,  
 Thou shalt be remembered long!  
 By the green isles of the flood  
 Thou hast left thy track in blood!  
 On the earth and on the sea,  
 There are those will speak of thee!  
 'Tis enough,— the war-gods call,—  
 There is mead <sup>1</sup> in Odin's Hall!

"Regner! tell thy fair-haired bride  
 She must slumber at thy side!  
 Tell the brother of thy breast,  
 Even for him thy grave hath rest!  
 Tell the raven steed which bore thee,  
 When the wild wolf fled before thee,  
 He too with his lord <sup>2</sup> must fall,—  
 There is room in Odin's Hall!

"Lo! the mighty sun looks forth—  
 Arm! thou leader of the north!  
 Lo! the mists of twilight fly,—  
 We must vanish, thou must die!  
 By the sword and by the spear,  
 By the hand that knows not fear,  
 Sea-king! nobly shalt thou fall!—  
 There is joy in Odin's Hall!"

There was arming heard on land and wave,  
 When afar the sunlight spread,

<sup>1</sup> **Mead**—The warriors in Valhalla were fed on flesh from the boar, Sachrimner, and on mead from the she-goat, Heidrun. The supply of both food and drink is inexhaustible.

<sup>2</sup> **With his lord**—"When a northern chief fell gloriously in war his obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendance, and whatever else he held most dear were placed with him on the pile. His dependents and friends frequently made it a point of honour to die with their leader in order to attend his shade in Valhalla. And lastly his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile."—*Mrs. Hemans*.

And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave  
 With the mists of morning fled. 70  
 But at eve, the kingly hand  
 Of the battle-axe and brand,  
 Lay cold on a pile of dead!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

### MEMORABILIA

Ah, did you once see Shelley<sup>1</sup> plain,  
 And did he stop and speak to you,  
 And did you speak to him again?  
 How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that, 5  
 And also you are living after;  
 And the memory I started at —  
 My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own  
 And a certain use in the world no doubt, 10  
 Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone  
 'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather,  
 And there I put inside my breast,  
 A moulted feather, an eagle feather! 15  
 Well, I forget the rest.

ROBERT BROWNING.

<sup>1</sup> **Shelley**—Browning in early youth was profoundly influenced by Shelley and he never lost his admiration for the great poet.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG

THE tower of old Saint Nicholas soared upward to the  
skies,  
Like some huge piece of Nature's make, the growth of  
centuries;  
You could not deem its crowding spires a work of  
human art,  
They seemed to struggle lightward from a sturdy living  
heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in  
oak,  
Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that gray  
pile she spoke;  
And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone,  
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedi-  
ent stone.

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect, yet  
so rough  
A whim of Nature crystallised slowly in granite tough;<sup>10</sup>  
The thick spires yearned towards the sky in quaint  
harmonious lines,  
And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a grove  
of blasted pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with better  
right  
To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and of light;  
And, in that forest petrified, as forester there dwells<sup>15</sup>  
Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward red  
as blood,  
Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the eddy-  
ing flood;



For miles away the fiery spray poured down its deadly  
rain  
And back and forth the billows sucked, and paused,  
and burst again.

20

From square to square with tiger leaps panted the  
lustful fire,  
The air to leeward shuddered with the gasps of its  
desire;  
And church and palace which even now stood whelmed  
but to the knee  
Lift their black roofs like breakers lone amid the whirling  
sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched with quiet  
look;  
His soul had trusted God too long to be at last  
forsook:  
He could not fear, for surely God a pathway would  
unfold  
Through this red sea for faithful hearts, as once He  
did of old.

25

But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his good saint  
call,  
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the church-yard  
wall;  
And, ere a *Pater* half was said 'mid smoke and crackling  
glare,  
His island tower scarce juts his head above the wide  
despair.

30

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart stood up  
sublime:  
His first thought was for God above, his next was for  
his chime:

"Sing now and make your voices heard in hymns of  
praise," cried he, 3

"As did the Israelites of old, safe walking through the  
sea!

"Through this red sea our God hath made the path-  
way safe to shore;

Our promised land stands full in sight; shout now as  
ne'er before!"

And as the tower came crashing down, the bells, in  
clear accord,

Pealed forth the grand old German hymn, - - "All  
good souls, praise the Lord!" 40

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## A WISH

Thus only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have  
Not from great deeds, but good alone.  
The unknown are better than ill known; 5

Rumour can ope the grave.  
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night. 10

My house a cottage, more  
Than palace, and should fitting be,  
For all my use, not luxury.

My garden painted o'er  
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield,<sup>15</sup>  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> **Sabine field**—The celebrated Sabine farm of Horace, the  
Roman lyric poet.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,  
 For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.  
 And in this true delight,  
 These unbought sports, this happy state,  
 I would not fear nor wish my fate,  
 But boldly say each night,  
 To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
 Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

20

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

### THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR

COME, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged; 'tis at a white  
 heat now;  
 The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on  
 the forge's brow  
 The little flames still fitfully play through the sable  
 mound;  
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking  
 round,  
 All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only  
 bare;  
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the wind-  
 lass there.  
 The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound  
 heaves below,  
 And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every  
 throe;  
 It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan,<sup>1</sup> what a  
 glow!  
 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun  
 shines not so!  
 The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful  
 show,

10

<sup>1</sup> **Vulcan**—Vulcan, or Hephaistos, was the god of black-smiths. His forges were supposed to be situated beneath Mount Etna.

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent heart<sup>1</sup> the ruddy  
lurid row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before  
the foe.

As quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing  
monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow. <sup>15</sup>

“Hurrah!” they shout, “leap out—leap out,” bang,  
bang the sledges go;

Hurrah! the jettèd lightnings are hissing high and low;

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,

The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders  
strow

The ground around; at every bound the sweltering  
fountains flow; <sup>20</sup>

And thick and loud the swinking<sup>1</sup> crowd, at every  
stroke, pant “Ho!”

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on  
load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower<sup>2</sup> thick and broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,

And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road; <sup>25</sup>

The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd

From stem to stern, sea after sea—the mainmast by the  
board;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove  
at the chains!

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,

And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch  
sky high, <sup>30</sup>

Then moves his head, as though he said, “Fear nothing,  
here am I!”

Swing in your stroke in order, let foot and hand keep  
time!

<sup>1</sup> **Swinking**—Toiling.

<sup>2</sup> **Bower**—Bow anchor.

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's  
chime.

But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the  
burden be,

"The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen  
we." 35

Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rust-  
ling red.

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon  
be sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,  
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch  
of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry crafts-  
men here. 40

For the "Yeo-heave-o," and the "Heave-away,"  
and the sighing seaman's cheer;

When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love  
and home.

And sobbing sweethearts in a row, wail o'er the ocean  
foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;  
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was  
cast. 45

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life  
like me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the  
deep green sea!

O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as  
thou?

The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy  
'twere now

To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the  
whales, 50

And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their  
scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn.<sup>1</sup>

And send him foild and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn;  
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws  
to scorn: 55

To leap down on the kraken's<sup>2</sup> back, where, 'mid Norwegian Isles,

He lies, a rubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;  
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,  
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonish'd shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or haply in a cove,<sup>60</sup>  
And shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undine's<sup>3</sup> love,

To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,

To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-arm'd fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?

The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line: 65

And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,

Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play.

But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave,

A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

<sup>1</sup> **Sea-unicorn**—The nar-whal

<sup>2</sup> **Kraken**—A mythical sea-monster.

<sup>3</sup> **Undine**—A water-nymph, so called from Fouques' story of that name.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, could'st thou but under-stand 70  
 Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,  
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave that round about thee bend,  
 With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend—  
 Oh, could'st thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,  
 Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou 'dst leap 75  
 within the sea!  
 Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,  
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of father-land—  
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard grave  
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—  
 Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly 80  
 sung  
 Honour him for their memory whose bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

## MASACCIO<sup>1</sup>

### IN THE BRANCACCI CHAPEL

HE came to Florence long ago,  
 And painted here these walls, that shone  
 For Raphael and for Angelo,

<sup>1</sup> **Masaccio** — An Italian artist of the fifteenth century. The fresco here referred to is the decorations of the Brancacci chapel in Florence. "Its importance in the history of art may be judged by the fact that at one and the same time Michaelangelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci were engaged in studying those frescoes, and they have served as models to artists of succeeding generations."

With secrets deeper than his own,  
Then shrank into the dark again,  
And died, we know not how or when.

5

The shadows deepened, and I turned  
Half sadly from the fresco grand;  
"And is this," mused I, "all ye earned,  
High-vaulted brain and cunning hand,  
That ye to greater men could teach  
The skill yourselves could never reach?"

10

"And who were they," I mused, "that wrought  
Through pathless wilds, with labour long,  
The highways of our daily thought?  
Who reared those towers of earliest song  
That lift us from the crowd to peace  
Remote in sunny silences?"

15

Out clanged the Ave Mary<sup>1</sup> bells,  
And to my heart this message came:  
Each clamorous throat among them tells  
What strong-souled martyrs died in flame  
To make it possible that thou  
Shouldst here with brother sinners bow.

20

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we  
Breathe cheaply in the common air;  
The dust we trample heedlessly  
Throbbled once in saints and heroes rare,  
Who perished, opening for their race  
New pathways to the commonplace.

25

30

Henceforth, when rings the health to those  
Who live in story and in song,  
O nameless dead, that now repose  
Safe in Oblivion's chambers strong,  
One cup of recognition true  
Shall silently be drained to you!

35

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

<sup>1</sup> Ave Mary—Hail Mary!



## TO THE DAISY

With little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee

For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming commonplace  
Of Nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace  
Which love makes for thee!

5

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
I sit and play with similes,  
Loose types of things through all degrees,  
Thoughts of thy raising;  
And many a fond and idle name  
I give to thee, for praise or blame  
As is the humor of the game,  
While I am gazing.

10

15

A nun demure, of lowly port;  
Or sprightly maiden, of love's court,  
In thy simplicity the sport  
Of all temptations;  
A queen in crown of rubies drest;  
A starveling in a scanty vest;  
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
Thy appellations.

20

A little Cyclops,<sup>1</sup> with one eye  
Staring to threaten and defy,  
That thought comes next — and instantly  
The freak is over,  
The shape will vanish, and behold!

25

<sup>1</sup> **Cyclops** The Cyclopes were monsters of antiquity who lived on the island of Sicily. They had but one eye each in the middle of the forehead.

A silver shield with boss of gold  
That spreads itself, some fairy bold  
In fight to cover.

30

I see thee glittering from afar —  
And then thou art a pretty star,  
Not quite so fair as many are  
In heaven above thee!  
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—  
May peace come never to his nest  
Who shall reprove thee!

35

40

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last  
When all my reveries are past  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
Sweet silent Creature!  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature!

45

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## BRITISH FREEDOM

It is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British Freedom, which, to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish; and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue

10

That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### MORNING

WHAT tongue the melodies of morn can tell?  
The wild-brook babbling down the mountain side;  
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;  
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried 5  
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide  
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;  
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;  
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,  
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark; 10  
 Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;  
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;  
 Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour; 15  
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

JAMES BEATTIE.

## THE VILLAGE PREACHER

*From The Deserted Village*

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 5  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;  
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour; 10  
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.  
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest, 15  
 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;  
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by the fire, and talked the night away; 20  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave, ere charity began. 25

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But in his duty, prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all; 30  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid, 35  
And sorrow, guilt and pain by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise. 40

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. 45  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;  
Even children followed, with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed; 50  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff which lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, 55  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE RECOLLECTION<sup>1</sup>

Now the last day of many days,  
 All beautiful and bright as thou,  
 The loveliest and the last, is dead.  
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise!  
 Up—to thy wonted work! come, trace  
 The epitaph of glory fled,—  
 For now the earth has changed its face,  
 A frown is on the heaven's brow.

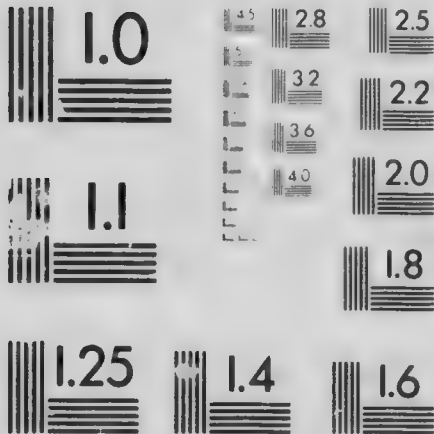
We wandered to the pine forest  
 That skirts the ocean's foam;  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
 The tempest in its home.  
 The whispering waves were half asleep,  
 The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the bosom of the deep  
 The smile of heaven lay;  
 It seemed as if the hour were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies,  
 Which scattered from above the sun  
 A light of paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
 As serpents interlaced,  
 And soothed, by every azure breath  
 That under heaven is blown,  
 To harmonies and hues beneath,  
 As tender as its own;  
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep  
 Like green waves on the sea,

<sup>1</sup> **The Recollection**—This poem was addressed to "Jane,"—Mrs. Williams—a friend of Shelley's. It recalls a day spent among the pine woods near Pisa.



## ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2



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As still as in the silent deep  
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was!—The silence there  
By such a chain was bound  
That even the busy woodpecker  
Made stiller with her sound  
The inviolable quietness;  
The breath of peace we drew  
With its soft motion made not less  
The calm that round us grew.

There seemed, from the remotest seat  
Of the white mountain waste,  
To the soft flower beneath our feet,  
A magic circle traced.—  
A spirit interfused around,  
A thrilling silent life:  
To momentary peace it bound  
Our mortal nature's strife.  
And still, I felt, the centre of  
The magic circle there  
Was one fair form that filled with love  
The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie  
Under the forest bough.  
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky  
Gulfed in a world below:  
A firmament of purple light  
Which in the dark earth lay,  
More boundless than the depth of night,  
And purer than the day—  
In which the lovely forests grew  
As in the upper air,  
More perfect both in shape and hue  
Than any spreading there.

There lay the glade, the neighbouring lawn, 68  
 And through the dark-green wood  
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
 Out of a speckled cloud.  
 Sweet views which in our world above  
 Can never well be seen 70  
 Were imaged in the water's love  
 Of that fair forest green;  
 And all was interfused beneath  
 With an elysian glow, 72  
 An atmosphere without a breath,  
 A softer day below.  
 Like one beloved, the scene had lent  
 To the dark water's breast  
 Its every leaf and lineament  
 With more than truth expressed, 74  
 Until an envious wind crept by,—  
 Like an unwelcome thought  
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye  
 Blots one dear image out.  
 Though thou art ever fair and kind, 76  
 And forests ever green,  
 Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind  
 Than calm in water seen.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY

AND thou hast walk'd about — how strange a story!—  
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago!  
 When the Memnonium<sup>1</sup> was in all its glory,  
 And Time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous, 5  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

<sup>1</sup> *Memnonium*—A suburb of Thebes on the west bank of the Nile.

Speak, for thou long enough has acted dummy!  
 Thou hast a tongue — come — let us hear its tune!  
 Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!  
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon; 10  
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —  
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's <sup>1</sup> fame?  
 Was Cheops,<sup>2</sup> or Cephrenes, architect 15  
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
 Is Pompey's Pillar <sup>3</sup> really a misnomer?  
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden,  
 By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade; 20  
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
 In Memnon's <sup>4</sup> statue, which at sunrise play'd?  
 Perhaps thou wert a priest — if so, my struggles  
 Are vain,—for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat, 25  
 Hath hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh,<sup>5</sup> glass to glass;

<sup>1</sup> **Sphinx**—An enormous figure in stone a short distance from the Pyramids. The body is 140 feet in length, the head is 14 feet wide and measures 30 feet from the chin to the top of the forehead. It is a personification of the sun-god.

<sup>2</sup> **Cheops**—(ke-ops) An Egyptian king of the fourth dynasty, the builder of the great pyramid.

<sup>3</sup> **Pompey's Pillar**—A column of red granite 99 feet high at Alexandria. It was erected 302 A.D. in honour of Diocletian. The name has no significance.

<sup>4</sup> **Memnon**—One of the colossi of Amenopsis III. at Thebes was given the name of Memnon, who was one of the heroes of the Trojan war slain by Achilles. The statue, when touched by the rays of the rising sun, gave forth a sound like a breaking chord. Both Memnon and the companion statue are now in ruins.

<sup>5</sup> **Pharaoh**—The general title of the Egyptian kings. The word is here used as referring to the Pharaoh of the scriptural narrative who refused to permit the departure of the Israelites from Egypt.

Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's<sup>1</sup> hat;  
 Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido<sup>2</sup> pass:  
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
 A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,  
 Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled?  
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,  
 Ere Romulus<sup>3</sup> and Remus had been suckled:  
 Antiquity appears to have begun  
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue  
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,  
 How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,  
 And the great Deluge still had left it green!  
 Or was it then so old that History's pages  
 Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf!  
 Art sworn to secrecy? Then keep thy vows;  
 But, prithee, tell us something of thyself,—  
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;  
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,  
 What hast thou seen — what strange adventures  
 number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
 We have, above ground, seen some strange muta-  
 tions;

<sup>1</sup> **Homer**—Tradition says that Homer was blind and was forced to beg for his living.

<sup>2</sup> **Dido**—Queen of Carthage. Her love for Æneas is told by Virgil in the *Æneid*.

<sup>3</sup> **Romulus**—Romulus and Remus, the twin founders of Rome, were in early youth suckled by a wolf who found them when they had been abandoned to a cruel death.

The Roman Empire has begun and ended;  
 New worlds have risen,— we have lost old nations;  
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head 55  
 When the great Persian conquerer, Cambyses,<sup>1</sup>  
 March'd armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,  
 O'erthrew Osiris,<sup>2</sup> Orus, Apis, Isis,  
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,  
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder? 60

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,  
 The nature of thy private life unfold:  
 A heart hath throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,  
 And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd,  
 Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that 65  
 face?  
 What was thy name, and station, age, and race?

Statue of flesh! Immortal of the dead!  
 Imperishable type of evanescence!  
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,  
 And standest undecay'd within our presence, 70  
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,  
 When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
 If its undying guest be lost forever?  
 Oh let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure 75  
 In living virtue, that when both must sever,  
 Although corruption may our frame consume,  
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

<sup>1</sup> **Cambyses**—The third king of that name, the son of Cyrus, the Great. In 525 B.C. he defeated the Egyptians and incorporated their country in the Persian Empire.

<sup>2</sup> **Osiris, etc.**—Gods of the ancient Egyptians.

## NIGHT HYMNS ON LAKE NEPIGON

Here in the midnight, where the dark mainland and  
island

Shadows mingle in shadows deeper, profounder,  
Sing we the hymns of the churches, while the dead  
water

Whispers before us.

Thunder is travelling slow on the path of the lightning;<sup>5</sup>  
One after one the stars and the beaming planets  
Look serene in the lake from the edge of the storm-cloud,  
Then have they vanished.

While our canoe, that floats dumb in the bursting  
thunder,  
Gathers her voice in the quiet and thrills and whispers,<sup>10</sup>  
Presses her prow in the star-gleam, and all her ripple  
Lapses in blackness.

Sing we the sacred ancient hymns of the churches,  
Chanted first in old-world nooks of the desert,  
While in the wild, pellucid Nepigon reaches<sup>15</sup>  
Hunted the savage.

Now have the ages met in the northern midnight,  
And on the lonely, loon-haunted Nepigon reaches  
Rises the hymn of triumph and courage and comfort,  
Adeste Fideles.<sup>1</sup><sup>20</sup>

Tones that were fashioned when the faith brooded in  
darkness,  
Joined with sonorous vowels in the noble Latin,  
Now are married with the long-drawn Ojibeway,  
Uncouth and mournful.

<sup>1</sup> **Adeste Fideles**—O come all ye faithful  
Joyfully triumphant,  
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord.

Soft with the silver drip of the regular paddles 25  
Falling in rhythm, timed with the liquid, plangent  
Sounds from the blades where the whirlpools break and  
are carried  
Down into darkness;

Each long cadence, flying like a dove from her shelter  
Deep in the shadow, wheels for a throbbing moment, 30  
Poises in utterance, returning in circles of silver  
To nest in the silence.

All wild nature stirs with the infinite, tender  
Plaint of a bygone age whose soul is eternal,  
Bound in the lonely phrases that thrill and falter 35  
Back into quiet.

Back they falter as the deep storm overtakes them,  
Whelms them in splendid hollows of booming thunder,  
Wraps them in rain, that, sweeping, breaks and on-  
rushes  
Ringing like cymbals. 40

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

## A THUNDERSTORM IN THE ALPS

*From Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

THE sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among 5  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night! 10  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth! 15  
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between  
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted 20  
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;  
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,  
Love was the very root of the fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed: 25  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years all winters—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,  
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand;  
For here, not one, but many, make their play, 30  
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,  
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,  
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd  
His lightnings, as if he did understand  
That in such gaps as desolation work'd, 35  
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,  
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul  
To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll 40  
Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.  
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?



Are ye like those within the human breast?  
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest! 45

Could I embody and unbosom now  
That which is most within me,—could I wreak  
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,  
All that I would have sought, and all I seek, 50  
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,  
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;  
But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn 55  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb —  
And glowing into day: we may resume  
The march of our existence: and thus I, 60  
Still on thy shores, fair Leman!<sup>1</sup> may find room  
And food for meditation, nor pass by  
Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

## BEAUTY

*From Endymion*

A THING of beauty is a joy forever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. 5  
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,

<sup>1</sup> Leman—The Lake of Geneva.

45 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways 10  
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils 15  
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills  
 That for themselves a cooling covert make  
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,  
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk rose blooms;  
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms 20  
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;  
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read;  
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
 Pouring into us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences 25  
 For one short hour; no, even as the trees  
 That whisper round a temple become soon  
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,  
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light 30  
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,  
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,  
 They alway must be with us, or we die.

JOHN KEATS.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5  
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide;

"Doth God exact day labour, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or His own gifts. Who best  
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state  
 Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

### THE LOST LEADER<sup>1</sup>

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat —  
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;  
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,<sup>5</sup>  
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:  
 How all our copper had gone for his service!  
 Rags — were they purple, his heart had been  
 proud!  
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured  
 him,

<sup>1</sup> **The Lost Leader**—"I did in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account; had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore. But just as in the tapestry on my wall I can recognise figures which have *struck out* a fancy, on occasion, that though truly enough thus derived, yet would be preposterous as a copy, so, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the 'very effigies' of such a moral and intellectual superiority."—*Browning*.

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,<sup>10</sup>  
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!  
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from  
 their graves!  
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,—<sup>15</sup>  
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence:

Songs may inspire us,—not from his lyre;  
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,  
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:<sup>20</sup>  
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,  
 One task more declined, one more foot path untrod,  
 One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,  
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!  
 Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!<sup>25</sup>  
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
 Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,  
 Never glad confident morning again!  
 Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly,

Menace our heart ere we master his own;  
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,  
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

## THE FOOT-PATH

It mounts athwart the windy hill  
 Through sallow slopes of upland bare,  
 And Fancy climbs with foot-fall still  
 Its narrowing curves that end in air.

By day, a warmer-hearted blue  
    Stoops softly to that topmost swell;  
Its thread-like windings seem a clue  
    To gracious climes where all is well.

5

By night, far yonder, I surmise  
    An ampler world than clips my ken,  
Where the great stars of happier skies  
    Commingle nobler fates of men.

10

I look and long, then haste me home,  
    Still master of my secret rare;  
Once tried, the path would end in Rome,  
    But now it leads me everywhere.

15

Forever to the new it guides,  
    From former good, old overmuch;  
What Nature for her poets hides,  
    'Tis wiser to divine than clutch.

20

The bird I list hath never come  
    Within the scope of mortal ear;  
My prying step would make him dumb,  
    And the fair tree, his shelter, sear.

Behind the hill, behind the sky,  
    Behind my inmost thought, he sings;  
No feet avail; to hear it nigh,  
    The song itself must lend the wings.

25

Sing on, sweet bird close hid, and raise,  
    Those angel stairways in my brain.  
That climb from these low-vaulted days  
    To spacious sunshines far from pain.

30

Sing when thou wilt, enchantment fleet,  
    I leave thy covert haunt untrod,  
And envy Science not her feat  
    To make a twice-told tale of God.

35

They said the fairies tript no more,  
And long ago that Pan<sup>1</sup> was dead;  
'Twas but fools preferred to bore  
Earth's rind inch-deep for truth instead. 10

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,  
The fairies dance each full-mooned night,  
Would we but doff our lenses strong,  
And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

City of Elf-land, just without, 15  
Our seeing, marvel ever new,  
Glimpses<sup>1</sup> in fair weather, a sweet doubt  
Sketched-in, mirage-like, on the blue.

I build thee in yon sunset cloud,  
Whose edge allures to climb the height; 20  
I hear thy drowned bells, inly-loud,  
From still pools dusk with dreams of night.

The gates are shut to hardest will,  
Thy countersign of long-lost speech,--  
Those fountained courts, those chambers still, 25  
Fronting Time's far East, who shall reach?

I know not, and will never pry,  
But trust our human heart for all;  
Wonders that from the seeker fly  
Into an open sense may fall. 30

Hide in thine own soul, and surprise  
The password of the unwary elves;  
Seek it, thou canst not bribe their spies;  
Unsought, they whisper it themselves.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

<sup>1</sup> **Pan**—The chief of the rural divinities.

## TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight: 20

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 25

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-  
flowed. 30

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody. 35

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not: 40

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower: 45

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its ærial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the  
view: 50

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd  
thieves. 55

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass. 60



Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus hymeneal,<sup>1</sup>  
Or triumphal chant,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? 75

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. ■

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 80

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter

<sup>1</sup> **Chorus hymeneal**—Marriage song.

With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
thought.<sup>1</sup> 90

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now! 105

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak  
and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten  
lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came  
a tapping

<sup>1</sup> **Saddest thought—**

"Born of deep pain is the poet's art,  
And the song that alone is true  
Is wrung from a throbbing human heart  
That sorrow is burning through."

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:

Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;— vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore,

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:

This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my  
chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened  
wide the door:—

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there  
wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to  
dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave  
no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered  
word, "Lenore:"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the  
word, "Lenore:"

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me  
burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than  
before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my  
window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery  
explore,

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery  
explore:

"Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a  
flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of  
yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped  
or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my  
 chamber door,  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas<sup>1</sup> just above my chamber  
 door:

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into  
 smiling  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it  
 wore,—

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I  
 said, “art sure no craven,”<sup>45</sup>

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the  
 Nightly shore:

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plu-  
 tonian<sup>2</sup> shore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse  
 so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy<sup>50</sup>  
 bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human  
 being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber  
 door,

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his  
 chamber door,

With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,<sup>55</sup>  
 spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did  
 outpour,

<sup>1</sup> **Pallas** — Pallas Athene, or Minerva, the goddess of wisdom.

<sup>2</sup> **Plutonian**—Pluto was the god of the world of darkness,  
 of the world after death.

Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then  
he fluttered.

Till I scarcely more than muttered,—“Other friends  
have flown before;

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have  
flown before.”

Then the bird said, “Nevermore.” 60

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
spoken,

“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock  
and store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful  
Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one  
burden bore;

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden  
bore 65

Of ‘Never — nevermore.’ ”

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird  
and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to  
linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of  
yore, 70

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous  
bird of yore

Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-  
pressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my  
bosom’s core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease  
reclining 75

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light  
 gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light  
 gloating o'er  
*She shall press, ah, nevermore!*

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from  
 an unseen censer  
 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the  
 tufted floor.  
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by  
 these angels he hath sent thee  
 Respite — respite and nepenthe<sup>1</sup> from thy memories of  
 Lenore!  
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this  
 lost Lenore!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if  
 bird or devil!  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee  
 here ashore,  
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-  
 charmed —  
 On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I  
 implore:  
 Is there — is there balm in Gilead?<sup>2</sup> — tell me — tell  
 me, I implore!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet still, if  
 bird or devil!  
 By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we  
 both adore,

<sup>1</sup> **Nepenthe**—A potion, or drug, that causes forgetfulness.

<sup>2</sup> **Balm in Gilead**—*Jeremiah* viii., 22.

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant  
Aidenn,<sup>1</sup>

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels  
name Lenore:

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
name Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I  
shrieked, upstarting:

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plu-  
tonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul  
hath spoken!"

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above  
my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form  
from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is  
sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that  
is dreaming

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his  
shadow on the floor:

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating  
on the floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore!

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

## AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR

HE spoke of Burns: men rude and rough

Pressed round to hear the praise of one

Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,

As homespun as their own.

<sup>1</sup> Aidenn—Eden.



And, when he read, they forward leaned  
Drinking with thirsty hearts and ears,  
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned  
From humble smiles and tears.

5

Slowly there grew a tender awe,  
Sunlike, o'er faces brown and hard,  
As if in him who read they felt and saw  
Some presence of the bard.

10

It was a sight for sin and wrong  
And slavish tyranny to see,  
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong  
In high humanity.

15

I thought, these men will carry hence  
Promptings their former life above,  
And something of a finer reverence  
For beauty, truth, and love.

20

God scatters love on every side,  
Freely among his children all,  
And always hearts are lying open wide  
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds  
Of a more true and open life,  
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,  
With wayside beauty rife.

25

We find within these souls of ours  
Some wild germs of a higher birth,  
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers  
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

30

Within the hearts of all men lie  
These promises of wider bliss,

Which blossom into hopes that cannot die, 35  
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic  
In life or death, since time began,  
Is native in the simple heart of all,  
The angel heart of man. 40

And thus, among the untaught poor  
Great deeds and feelings find a home,  
That cast in shadow all the golden lore  
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man, 45  
Where'er thou art, in low or high,  
Thy skyey arches with exulting span  
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin  
Deep down within the primitive soul, 50  
And from the many slowly upward win  
To one who grasps the whole:

In his wide brain the feeling deep  
Which struggled on the many's tongue  
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap 55  
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,— wide  
In the great mass its base is hid,  
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,  
A moveless pyramid. 60

Nor is he far astray, who deems  
That every hope, which rises and grows broad  
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams  
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes; in common souls  
Hope is but vague and undefined,  
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls  
A blessing to his kind.

65

Never did Poesy appear  
So full of heav'n to me, as when  
I saw how it would pierce through pride and tear,  
To the lives of coarsest men.

70

It may be glorious to write  
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three  
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight  
Once in a century;—

75

But better far it is to speak  
One simple word, which now and then  
Shall waken their free nature in the weak  
And friendless sons of men;

80

To write some earnest verse or line  
Which, seeking not the praise of art,  
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine  
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,  
May be forgotten in his day,  
But surely shall be crowned at last with those  
Who live and speak for aye.

85

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## HYMN

## BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form! 5  
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
 How silently! Around thee and above  
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,  
 As with a wedge! But when I look again, 10  
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
 Thy habitation from eternity!  
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer 15  
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,  
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy: 20  
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing—there  
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears, 25  
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!  
 O struggling with the darkness all the night, 30

And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:  
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents <sup>1</sup> fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter death, <sup>40</sup>  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down these precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
Forever shattered and the same forever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy, <sup>45</sup>  
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
And who commanded, (and the silence came),  
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain— <sup>50</sup>  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun <sup>55</sup>  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—  
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice! <sup>60</sup>  
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

<sup>1</sup> **Torrents**—In addition to the rivers Arve and Arveiron which have their sources at the foot of Mount Blanc, there are five torrents that rush down the side of the mountain.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest! 65  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks, 70  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
 Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—  
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou  
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low 75  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,  
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth! 80  
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God. 85

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ULYSSES<sup>1</sup>

It little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5  
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink

<sup>1</sup> *Ulysses*—"This poem," says Tennyson, "was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death and gave my feelings about the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life more simply than anything in '*In Memoriam*.'" *Ulysses* is founded on a passage in Dante's *Inferno*.

Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd  
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when  
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades<sup>1</sup> 10  
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;  
For always roaming with a hungry heart  
Much have I seen and known; cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all; 15  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20  
For ever and for ever when I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!  
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me 25  
Little remains: but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence, something more,  
A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30  
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.  
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —  
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35  
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild  
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40  
In offices of tenderness, and pay

<sup>1</sup> **Hyades**—A group of seven stars in the heart of the constellation Taurus. Their rising and setting were believed to be attended by much rain.

Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, <sup>45</sup>  
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought  
with me —

That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;  
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; <sup>50</sup>  
Death closes all; but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the  
deep <sup>55</sup>

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths <sup>60</sup>  
Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,<sup>2</sup>  
And see the great Achilles,<sup>3</sup> whom we knew. <sup>65</sup>  
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'

We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven: that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. <sup>70</sup>

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

<sup>1</sup> **Baths**—The ancients believed that the stars in setting sank into the ocean.

<sup>2</sup> **Happy Isles**—The paradise of the Greeks, usually placed somewhere to the west of Africa.

<sup>3</sup> **Achilles**—The hero of the Trojan war, and the companion in arms of Ulysses.



## INDIAN PLACE-NAMES

THE race has waned and left but tales of ghosts,  
That hover in the world like fading smoke  
About the lodges: gone are the dusky folk  
That once were cunning with the thong and snare 5  
And mighty with the paddle and the bow;  
They lured the silver salmon from his lair,  
They drove the buffalo in trampling hosts,  
And gambled in the tepees until dawn,  
But now their vaunted prowess all is gone, 10  
Gone like a moose-track in the April snow.  
But all the land is murmurous with the call  
Of their wild names that haunt the lovely glens  
Where lonely water falls, or where the street  
Sounds all day with the tramp of myriad feet;  
Toronto triumphs; Winnipeg flows free, 15  
And clangs the iron height where gaunt Quebec  
Lies like a lion in a lily bed,  
And Restigouche takes the whelmed sound of sea;  
Meductic falls, and flutes the Mirimichi;  
Kiskisink where the shy mallard breeds 20  
Breaks into pearls beneath his whirling wings,  
And Manitowapah sings;  
They flow like water, or like wind they flow,  
Waymoucheeching, loon-haunted Manowan,  
Far Mastassini by her frozen wells, 25  
Gold-hued Wayagamac brimming her wooded dells:  
I one Kamouraska, Metepedia,  
And Metlakahtla ring a round of bells.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

## PATRIOTISM

*From The Task*

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still,  
My country! and, while yet a nook is left  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime  
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed  
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,  
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies  
And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves  
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.  
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime  
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;  
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart  
As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain  
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks  
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.  
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,  
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth  
And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er  
With odours, and as profligate as sweet,  
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
And love when they should fight,—when such as  
these  
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
Of her magnificent and awful cause?  
Time was when it was praise and boast enough  
In every clime, and travel where we might,  
That we were born her children; praise enough  
To fill the ambition of a private man,  
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,

And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.  
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them  
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen ■  
Each in his field of glory: one in arms,  
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap  
Of smiling Victory that moment won,  
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame!  
They made us many soldiers. Chatham still 40  
Consulting England's happiness at home,  
Secured it by an unforgiving frown  
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,  
Put so much of his heart into his act,  
That his example had a magnet's force, ■  
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.  
Those suns are set. Oh rise some other such!  
Or all that we have left is empty talk  
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## ABOVE AND BELOW

### I

O DWELLERS in the valley-land,  
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,  
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand  
Shortens to noon's triumphal hour,—  
While ye sit idle, do ye think 5  
The Lord's great work sits idle too?  
That light dare not o'erleap the brink  
Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,  
In God's ripe fields the day is cried, ■  
And reapers with their sickles bright,  
Troop, singing, down the mountain side.

Come up, and feel what health there is  
 In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,  
 As, bending with a pitying kiss, 15  
 The night-shed tears of Earth she dries!

The Lord wants reapers: O, mount up,  
 Before night comes, and says,—“Too late!”  
 Stay not for taking scrip or cup,  
 The Master hungers while ye wait; 20  
 'Tis from these heights alone your eyes  
 The advancing spears of day can see,  
 Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,  
 To break your long captivity.

II

Lone watcher on the mountain-height! 25  
 It is right precious to behold  
 The first long surf of climbing light  
 Flood all the thirsty east with gold;  
 But we, who in the shadow sit,  
 Know also when the day is nigh, 30  
 Seeing thy shining forehead lit  
 With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office: we have ours;  
 God lacks not early service here,  
 But what are thine eleventh hours 35  
 He counts with us for morning cheer;  
 Our day, for Him, is long enough,  
 And when he giveth work to do,  
 The bruised reed is amply tough  
 To pierce the shield of error through. 40

But not the less do thou aspire  
 Light's earlier messages to preach;

Keep back no syllable of fire,—  
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.  
 Yet God deems not thine aëried sight  
 More worthy than our twilight dim,—  
 For meek Obedience, too, is Light,  
 And following that is finding Him.

45

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## TYRE

In thought I saw the palace domes of Tyre;  
 The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise;  
 All her proud people in their brave attire,  
 Thronging her streets for sport or sacrifice.  
 I saw the precious stones and spiceries,  
 The singing-girl with flower-wreathed instrument,  
 And slaves whose beauty ask'd a monarch's price.  
 Forth from all lands all nations to her went,  
 And kings to her on embassy were sent.  
 I saw, with gilded prow and silken sail,  
 Her ships that of the sea had government.  
 O gallant ships! 'gainst you what might prevail!  
 She stood upon her rock, and, in her pride  
 Of strength and beauty, waste and woe defied.

5

10

I look'd again — I saw a lonely shore,  
 A rock amid the waters, and a waste  
 Of trackless sand — I heard the bleak sea's roar,  
 And winds that rose and fell with gusty haste.  
 There was one scathed tree, by storm defaced,  
 Round which the sea-birds wheel'd with screaming  
 cry,  
 Ere long came on a traveller, slowly paced;  
 Now east, then west, he turn'd with curious eye,  
 Like one perplex'd with an uncertainty.  
 Awhile he look'd upon the sea, and then

15

20

Upon a book, as if it might supply 25  
 The things he lack'd: —he read, and gazed again;  
 Yet, as if unbelief so on him wrought,  
 He might not deem this shore the shore he sought.

Again I saw him come — 'twas eventide;  
 The sun shone on the rock amid the sea; 30  
 The winds were hush'd; the quiet billows sigh'd  
 With a low swell; the birds wing'd silently  
 Their evening flight around the seathed tree;  
 The fisher safely put into the bay,  
 And push'd his boat ashore, then gather'd he 35  
 His nets, and, hasting up the rocky way,  
 Spread them to catch the sun's warm evening ray.  
 I saw that stranger's eye gaze on the scene.  
 "And this was Tyre!" said he. "How has decay 40  
 Within her palaces a despot been!  
 Ruin and silence in his courts are met,  
 And on her city-rock the fisher spreads his net!"

MARY HOWITT.

### THANATOPSIS<sup>1</sup>

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language; for his gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides 5  
 Into his darker musings, with a mild  
 And healing sympathy, that steals away  
 Their sharpness, ere he 's aware. When thoughts  
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight 10  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,

<sup>1</sup> *Thanatopsis*—"A view of death." This poem was written in the poet's eighteenth year.

And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—  
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around —  
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —  
 Comes a still voice—

15

Yet a few days, and thee  
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
 To mix forever with the elements,  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

20

25

30

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
 The venerable woods—rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,

35

40

45

Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings 50  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,<sup>1</sup>  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon,<sup>2</sup> and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:  
And millions in those solitudes, since first 55  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe 60  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favourite phantom: yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come 65  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man— 70  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take 75  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed

<sup>1</sup> **Barcan wilderness**.—The southern portion of a district bordering on the Mediterranean.

<sup>2</sup> **Oregon**.—The Columbia River.



By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

80

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE LAST BUCCANEER

THE wind was re-yelling, the waves were swelling,  
The sky was black and drear,  
When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship  
Without a name  
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

“Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce a  
gale,  
When all others drive bare on the seas?  
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador,  
Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?”

5

“From a shore no search hath found, from a gulf no  
line can sound,  
Without rudder or needle we steer;  
Above, below our bark dies the sea-fowl and the shark,  
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

10

“To-night there shall be heard on the rocks of Cape  
de Verde,  
A loud crash, and a louder roar;  
And to-morrow shall the deep, with a heavy moaning,  
sweep  
The corpses and wreck to the shore.”

15

The stately ship of Clyde securely now may ride  
In the breath of the citron shades;  
And Severn's towering mast securely now flies fast,  
Through the sea of the balmy Trades.

20

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS 131

From St. Jago's wealthy port, from Havannah's royal  
fort,

The seaman goes forth without fear;  
For since that stormy night not a mortal hath had  
sight

Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY.

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS<sup>1</sup>

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our father's God!

Thou hast made thy children mighty,  
By the touch of the mountain-sod.

Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge 5  
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon 10  
Whose light must never die;

We are guardians of an altar  
'Midst the silence of the sky;

The rocks yield founts of courage,  
Struck forth as by the rod;

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, 15  
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns,  
Where thy still, small voice is heard;

<sup>1</sup> **Mountaineers**—The Vaudois mountaineers living among the mountains in the northern part of Italy, belonged to the Arian church, and were for many years, on account of their religious opinions, persecuted by the Dukes of Savoy, to whom they were subject. They persevered, however, in their faith.

For the strong pines of the forests,  
That by thy breath are stirred;  
For the storms, on whose free pinions  
Thy spirit walks abroad;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

20

The royal eagle darteth  
On his quarry from the heights,  
And the stag that knows no master,  
Seeks there his wild delights;  
But we, for *thy* communion,  
Have sought the mountain-sod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

25

The banner of the chieftain  
Far, far below us waves;  
The war-horse of the spearman  
Cannot reach our lofty caves;  
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold  
Of freedom's last abode;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

35

40

For the shadow of thy presence,  
Round our camp of rock outspread;  
For the stern defiles of battle,  
Bearing record of our dead;  
For the snows and for the torrents,  
For the free heart's burial-sod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

45

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

## THE APPROACH OF STORM

*From The Seasons*

WHEN from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
With many a spot that o'er his glaring orb  
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red-fiery streaks  
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet 5  
Which master to obey; while rising slow,  
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.  
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,  
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray, 10  
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the wither'd leaf,  
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd, 15  
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.  
Ev'n as the matron at her nightly tasks  
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,  
The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
Fortell the blast. But chief the plummy race, 20  
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
They pick'd their scanty fare, a black'ning train  
Of clam'rous rooks thick urge their weary flight,  
And seek the closing shelter of the grove. 25  
Assiduous in his bow'r the wailing owl  
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.  
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing  
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds. 30  
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide  
And blind commotion heaves, while from the shore,  
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,

And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice  
 That, solemn-sounding, bids the world prepare. 35  
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
 And hurls the whole precipitated air  
 Down in a torrent.

JAMES THOMSON.

### THE DOG OF IRUS<sup>1</sup>

From the Latin of Vincent Bourne

POOR Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,  
 That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,  
 His guide and guard; nor, while my service lasted,  
 Had he occasion for that staff, with which  
 He now goes picking out his path in fear 5  
 O'er the highways and crossings; but would plant,  
 Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,  
 A firm foot forward still, till he had reached  
 His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide  
 Of passers-by in thickest confluence flowed: 10  
 To whom with loud and passionate laments  
 From morn to eve his dark estate he wailed,  
 Nor wailed to all in vain; some here and there,  
 The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.  
 I meantime at his feet obsequious slept; 15  
 Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear  
 Pricked up at his least motion; to receive  
 At his kind hands my customary crumbs,  
 And common portion in his feast of scraps,  
 Or when night warned us homeward, tired and  
 spent 20  
 With our long day and tedious beggary.

These were my manners, this my way of life,  
 Till age and slow disease me overtook,

<sup>1</sup> Irus—A beggar in Homer's *Odyssey*. The name is applied to any beggar.

And sever'd from my sightless master's side.  
 But lest the grace of so good deeds should die, 25  
 Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,  
 This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,  
 Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,  
 And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,  
 In long and lasting union to attest, 30  
 The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

CHARLES LAMB.

### THE FALL OF TERNI.<sup>1</sup>

*From Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

The roar of waters! — from the headlong height  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
 The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
 The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss, 5  
 And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
 Their Phlegethon,<sup>2</sup> curls round the rocks of jet  
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again 10  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,

<sup>1</sup> **The Fall of Terni**—"The celebrated falls of the Velino (which here empties itself into the Nera), called the Cascade della Marmore, are about six hundred and fifty feet in height, and have few rivals in Europe in beauty of situation and volume of water. The rivulet is precipitated from the height in three leaps of about sixty-five, three hundred and thirty, and one hundred and ninety feet respectively, the water falling perpendicularly at some places, and at others dashing furiously over the rocks." *Baedeker*.

<sup>2</sup> **Phlegethon**—One of the rivers of Hades, whose waters were ever burning.

Is an eternal April to the ground,  
 Making it all one emerald. How profound  
 The gulf! and how the giant element 15  
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
 More like the fountain of an infant sea 20  
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
 Of a new world, than only thus to be  
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
 With many windings through the vale:—Look back!  
 Lo! where it comes like an eternity, 25  
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,  
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,  
 An Iris<sup>1</sup> sits, amidst the infernal surge, 30  
 Like Hope upon a deathbed, and, unworn  
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
 By the distracted waters, bears serene  
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;  
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene 35  
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

### CONSTANCY

Who is the honest man?  
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue;  
 To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;  
 Whom neither force nor fawning can  
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due. 5

<sup>1</sup> Iris—The rainbow. Iris was the messenger of Juno, the queen of the gods.

Whose honesty is not  
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind  
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind;  
Who rides his sure and even trot,  
While the world now rides by, now lags behind. 10

Who, when great trials come,  
Nor seeks nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay,  
Till he the thing and the example weigh:  
All being brought into a sum,  
What place or person calls for he doth pay. 15

Whom none can work or woo  
To use in anything a trick or sleight,  
For above all things he abhors deceit;  
His words and works and fashion too  
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight. 20

Who never melts or thaws  
At close tentations: when the day is done,  
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:  
The sun to others writeth laws,  
And is their virtue, Virtue is his sun. 25

Who, when he is to treat  
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,  
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;  
Whom others' faults do not defeat,  
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play. 30

Whom nothing can procure,  
When the wide world runs bias from his will,  
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.  
This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,  
Who still is right, and prays to be so still. 35

GEORGE HERBERT.



A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT<sup>1</sup>

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river;  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river:  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan  
While turbidly flowed the river;  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan<sup>25</sup>  
(Laughed while he sat by the river),  
"The only way, since gods began

<sup>1</sup> **Pan**—Pan, the god of shepherds, is represented with the head and body of an old man, and the legs ears and horns of a goat. He was very fond of music, and is credited with the invention of the shepherd's flute.

To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
 He blew in power by the river. 20

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
 Piercing sweet by the river!  
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly 35  
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
 To laugh as he sits by the river,  
 Making a poet out of a man:  
 The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,<sup>1</sup> — 40  
 For the reed which grows nevermore again  
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## SLEEP

From *Henry IV*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness? 5  
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state, 10  
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?

<sup>1</sup> **The cost and pain**—The poet is made from a mere man  
 at the cost of much pain and sorrow.

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch  
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast 15  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them 20  
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night, 25  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER

MAGNIFICENT creature! so stately and bright!  
 In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;  
 For what hath the child of the desert to dread,  
 Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming head;  
 Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!— 5  
 Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!— hail!  
 Hail! idol divine!— whom nature hath borne  
 O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn,  
 Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and  
 moor,  
 As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore; 10  
 For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,  
 Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee;  
 Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!  
 O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone —

A throne which the eagle is glad to resign 15  
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.  
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,  
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;  
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!  
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still!— 20  
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,  
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,  
One moment — thou bright apparition — delay!  
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er — as if struck by a spell, 25  
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;  
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,  
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.  
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race,  
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place, 30  
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven,  
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee:  
Magnificent prison enclosing the free;  
With rock wall-encircled — with precipice crown'd — 35  
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.  
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep  
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;  
And close to that covert, as clear to the skies,  
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies, 40  
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,  
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold.

Yes: fierce looks thy nature, e'en hush'd in repose —  
In the depths of thy desert, regardless of foes,  
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar, 45  
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.  
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;  
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,

As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,  
 And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind. <sup>50</sup>  
 In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death,  
 In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,  
 In the wide ranging torrent that lends thee its roar,  
 In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more,  
 Thy trust — 'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign: <sup>55</sup>  
 — But, what if the stag on the mountain be slain?  
 On the brink of the rock — lo! he standeth at bay,  
 Like a victor that falls at the close of the day —  
 While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat  
 From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet; — <sup>60</sup>  
 And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,  
 As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH).

### THE PERFECT LIFE

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:  
 A lily of a day 5  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night;  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

BEN JONSON.

### HUMAN GLORY

From *Henry VIII*

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate  
 thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-  
 well,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;  
 And prithee, lead me in:  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## OFF RIVIERE DU LOUP

O SHIP incoming from the sea  
 With all your cloudy tower of sail,  
 Dashing the water to the lee,  
 And leaning grandly to the gale;

The sunset pageant in the west  
Has filled your canvas curves with rose,  
And jewelled every toppling crest  
That crashes into silver snows!

5

You know the joy of coming home,  
After long leagues to France or Spain;  
You feel the clear Canadian foam  
And the gulf water heave again.

10

Between these sombre purple hills  
That cool the sunset's molten bars,  
You will go on as the wind wills,  
Beneath the river's roof of stars.

15

You will toss onward towards the lights  
That spangle over the lonely pier,  
By hamlets glimmering on the heights,  
By level islands black and clear.

20

You will go on beyond the tide,  
Through brimming plains of olive sedge,  
Through paler shallows light and wide,  
The rapids piled along the ledge.

At evening off some reedy bay  
You will swing slowly on your chain,  
And catch the scent of dewy hay,  
Soft blowing from the pleasant plain.

25

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

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